

May day Musings

Oh! sweet is the love of my Mary to me,
Like a bright star that gleams on a dark troubled sea;
A love that is purer, and sweeter than all,
The loves of the past, as I now can recall.
What tho' fortune has frowned, and but little has given,
There's riches I trust that are laid up in heaven,
On earth there's a love that is dearer to me,
Than honor, or wealth, or what ever it be.
Dear heart, may the trust thou so fully has given,
Be shaken, no never on this side of heaven,
Till death shall us part, may we truly be one,
As onward we journey till life's race is run,
There'll be sorrows, like tempests that know no restraint,
There'll be sad, lonely hours, when the spirit is faint;
There'll be moments of joy, when gladness shall reign,
And long weary nights of ^{long} watching and pain.
Be it thus, if the heart but a solace can find,
In a love that is holy, and trustful and kind,
Fearless we'll launch on life's wild restless tide,
Breasting its billows, as onward we ride,
To gain a bright shore from which echoes oft come,
And tell of a life in a sweet, lasting home.

O! Saviour please lead us, thy children always,
And bring us the glory and honor, and praise.

Riverside Home
May 19th 1886

Written by
C. H. Walker

for
Mrs Mary F. Wheeler

May 19 1886

Poem for Mary



Miss Mary F Wheeler

Warm Springs Agency

Or